

No. 12

FALL  
ISSUE

TEN CENTS



# Leading COMICS

A MILLION DOLLARS  
WORTH OF ACTION  
IN

"The MILLION DOLLAR  
CHALLENGE!"



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WANT  
ACTION  
?



WANT  
MYSTERY  
?



WANT  
LAUGHS  
?



LOOK FOR THE  
SUPERMAN-DC SYMBOL...

IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE  
OF THE BEST IN  
MAGAZINE COMICS!



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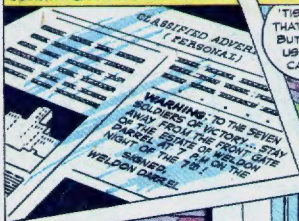


**F**OR ERRATIC, ECCENTRIC AND UNPREDICTABLE CONDUCT, IT WOULD BE HARD TO BEAT THE ANTICS OF THE BEAM-INGLY BENEVOLENT MILLIONAIRE WHO INVITES GUESTS TO HIS ESTATE BY WARNING THEM TO STAY AWAY! THIS IS THE KIND OF "REVERSE ENGLISH" INVITATION THE LEGIONNAIRES RECEIVE, AND THEY RESPOND TO ITS LURE! BUT THE REAL SURPRISES ARE STILL TO COME, AS THE CAPTIVES OF THIS CROTCHEY CROESUS KNOW FULL WELL BEFORE ACCEPTING THE...

**"MILLION DOLLAR CHALLENGE!"**



NEWSPAPERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY CARRY A STRANGE AD...



NATURALLY, THEREFORE, ON THE NIGHT OF THE SEVENTH...

'TIS CLEAR, COMRADES, THAT THIS DEFIANCE WAS BUT A MEANS TO BRING US HERE! AND YET WHAT CAN BE ITS ULTIMATE PURPOSE?

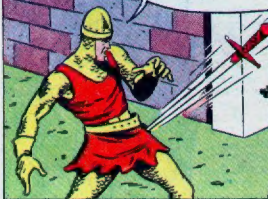
DARRYL IS A MILLIONAIRE, BUT ON THE WHACKY SIDE, ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS!

POOR MAN, 'WHACKY' - RICH MAN, 'ECCENTRIC'!



UNEXPECTEDLY...

ZOUNDS! MY BLADE LEAPS FROM ITS SCABBARD AS IF DRAWN BY A MAGNET!

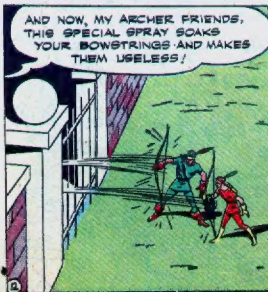


NOW THE GATE HOLDS IT SO CLOSE, I CAN NOT PULL IT AWAY!

HA, HA! I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM THE GATE!

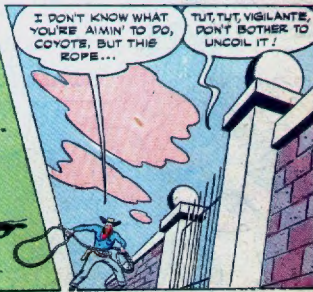


AND NOW, MY ARCHER FRIENDS, THIS SPECIAL SPRAY SOAKS YOUR BOWSTRINGS AND MAKES THEM USELESS!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AIMIN' TO DO, COYOTE, BUT THIS ROPE...

TUT, TUT, VIGILANTE, DON'T BOTHER TO UNCOIL IT!



YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO USE IT BEFORE YOU'RE HELPLESS IN THE COILS OF MY OWN MECHANICALLY OPERATED SPRING!

KIYOODLIN' COYOTES, I CAN'T MOVE!

CAN'T MOVE? THAT'S EASILY REMEDIED, VIGILANTE... NOW ALL OF YOU ARE WASHED UP, LITERALLY!

POWERFUL HYDRAULIC PRESSURE SWEEPS THE LEGIONNAIRES INTO A PREPARED PIT! A STEEL DOOR CLANGS SHUT OVERHEAD!

WHEW... WHAT AN UNEXPECTED RECEPTION!

YES, THAT'S WHAT GOT US! IF WE'D BEEN UP AGAINST A CROOK, WE'D HAVE BEEN ON THE ALERT FOR DANGER... BUT WE NEVER IMAGINED THAT DARREL WOULD DO A THING LIKE THIS!

SUDDENLY A GAY, HIGH-PITCHED VOICE COMES FROM BEHIND A WALL OF STEEL...

HA, HA! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO HAVE THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY IN MY POWER... AND NOW I HAVE THEM ALL! PREPARE TO FACE YOUR DOOM, GENTLEMEN!

GEE, THAT MUST BE HIM!

YES, I AM WELDON DARREL! ARE YOUR NERVES UNDER CONTROL? THEN FOLLOW ME!

HUH? A DINNER TABLE?

EXACTLY! FOR NOT HEEDING MY WARNING... AS I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T... YOU MUST PAY THE PENALTY OF HAVING DINNER WITH ME!

AH WOE! LOOK LIKE TOUGH TIME COMING!

HE'S LOONEY AS A LOON!

WING STILL SAY, WHEN MAN RICH NOTHING CRAZY... ONLY 'ECCENTRIC'!

## AFTER A SUMPTUOUS REPAST...

NOW, GENTLEMEN, IT'S TIME TO REVEAL THE REAL REASON I INVITED YOU HERE! IT'S TO ISSUE A **CHALLENGE**... A CHALLENGE WHICH YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY REFUSE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, PAL! IF WE DON'T LIKE IT... WE NEVER ACCEPT **NOTHIN'**!

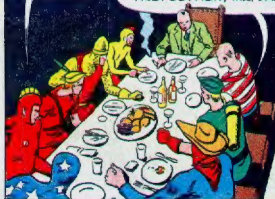
AH! BUT HEAR WHAT THE REWARD IS! IF YOU ACCEPT AND WIN... I'LL GIVE A MILLION DOLLARS TO ANY CHARITY YOU NAME! THINK OF THE GOOD THE MONEY WILL DO! CAN YOU AFFORD TO TURN THAT DOWN?



A MILLION DOLLARS? THAT ISN'T SO EASY TO REFUSE!

BUT ALL THE SAME, WE'RE NOT ACCEPTING UNTIL WE HEAR YOUR PROPOSITION, MR. DARREL!

IT'S VERY SIMPLE! I HAVE HIDDEN FIVE DIFFERENT KINDS OF VALUABLES IN AS MANY DIFFERENT PLACES... ALL YOU MUST DO IS FIND THEM WITH THE AID OF CLUES I HAVE PREPARED! VERY SIMPLE, INDEED!



SOUNDS ALMOST TOO SIMPLE, STRANGER... IT CAN'T BE EASY, OR YOU WOULDN'T BE OFFERIN' US A MILLION TO DO IT! BUT ALL THE SAME, I VOTE TO ACCEPT!

SURE! WHAT'VE WE GOT TO LOSE?

## AFTER FURTHER BRIEF CONSULTATION...

HAND OVER YOUR CLUES, MR. DARREL... WE'RE ALL SET TO GO!

AND PLEASE WRITE CHECK QUICK... WE BE BACK IN HURRY TO GET!

AH, WHAT SUBLIME CONFIDENCE! YOU QUITE CONVINCE ME YOU'LL WIN! THE BEST OF LUCK GENTLE MEN!



**T**HE LEGIONNAIRES WILL CERTAINLY NEED THE BEST OF LUCK! UNKNOWN AND UNSUSPECTED PERILS LURK IN UNIMAGINED PLACES... AND DEATH WILL LASH OUT VICIOUSLY AS THEY PURSUE THE CRYPTIC AND BAFFLING CLUES LEFT BY AN ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE!

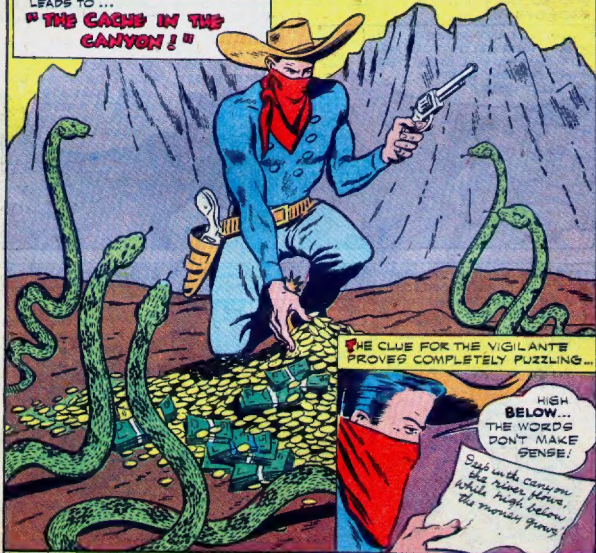


# CHAP II

# Starring the VIGILANTE

**T**HE VIGILANTE'S QUEST FOR HIDDEN WEALTH TAKES HIM TO FAMILIAR COUNTRY! YET FAMILIARITY DOES NOT SPELL LACK OF DANGER, NOR DOES IT LESSEN THE MYSTERY DEVISED BY THE HIDER OF RICHES! ALL THE STRENGTH OF HIS MUSCLES, THE SUPPLENESS OF HIS LASSO, THE ACCURACY OF HIS GUNFIRE, MUST BE ENLISTED IN THE WESTERN WARRIOR'S STRUGGLE TO PRESERVE HIS LIFE WHILE RIDING SIGN ALONG THE TRAIL THAT LEADS TO ...

**"THE CACHE IN THE CANYON!"**



**T**HE CLUE FOR THE VIGILANTE PROVES COMPLETELY PUZZLING...

HIGH  
BELOW...  
THE WORDS  
DON'T MAKE  
SENSE!

*Sleep in the canyon  
the river flows,  
while high below  
the money grows.*

IN FACT THIS DON'T  
HELP AT ALL! THE WEST'S  
FULL OF CANYONS...



BUT THE WESTERN WADDY PUTS  
HIS BRAIN TO WORK ON THE  
PROBLEM...

DARREL OWNS LAND ALL  
OVER THE COUNTRY... MAYBE  
HE OWNS SOME IN THE WEST  
TOO! I'LL TELEGRAPH THE  
DIFFERENT STATE LAND-  
OFFICES AND WAIT FOR THE  
ANSWERS!



A LITTLE LATER...

AH... THE OLD COOT  
OWNS A MINING CLAIM  
IN WYOMING THAT  
STRETCHES RIGHT UP TO  
A CANYON! AND IT WAS  
NEVER WORKED! MAYBE  
THAT'S THE ONE!



AND SO THE VIGILANTE TRAVELS WEST!  
PRESENTLY...

I STILL CAN'T FIGGER  
WHAT "HIGH BELOW" CAN MEAN...  
BUT MAYBE I WILL WHEN I SEE  
THAT CANYON! FASTER,  
OLD HOSS!



BUT FROM BEHIND A NEARBY RIDGE,  
THE PUNCHING PLAINSMAN'S PROGRESS  
IS OBSERVED BY TWO PAIRS OF KEEN  
COLD EYES...

THE VIGILANTE!  
WHAT'S HE DOIN'  
HERE, BOSS?

I DON'T KNOW, PETE...  
BUT I GOT AN IDEA.  
HE MAY BE AFTER US!  
MAYBE SOMEBODY  
SUSPECTS WHERE  
THAT GOLD DUST IS  
COMIN' FROM!



PETE, HE'S HEADIN' STRAIGHT  
FER THE CLAIM! SOMEBODY  
DID PUT HIM WISE! HURRY UP  
AND GET THE BOYS!

OKAY,  
BOSS, THEY'LL GET  
MOVIN' PRONTO!



SOON, AS THE VIGILANTE  
REACHES HIS DESTINATION...

NOW TO TAKE A  
LOOK AROUND,  
AND...



UNEXPECTEDLY...

KIWOODLIN' COY-  
OTES, I DIDN'T  
SEE THAT GOPHER  
HOLE, BUT IT'S A  
GOOD THING! I  
TRIPPED JUST IN  
TIME TO DODGE  
SOMEBODY'S  
BULLETS!

CRACK!

BANG!







YUH MISSED 'IM, YUH  
WALL-EYED COYOTES!  
NOW HE KIN HIT BACK!



RIGHT, RATTLER!  
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU  
STARTED THIS... BUT I  
DON'T MISS!

BANG!



TOO CLOSE FER  
GOOD SHOOTIN' WITH  
RIFLES, SIDEWINDER!

YIII!

BANG!



BUT JUST THE RIGHT  
DISTANCE FER FISTS!

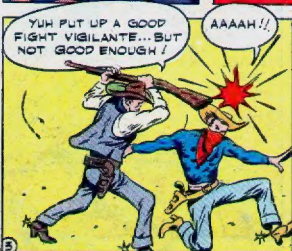
AAAAA...



SUDDENLY, A RIDERLESS  
STEED REARS IN PANIC...

WHA...?

HES OFF-  
BALANCE!  
GET HIM!



YUH PUT UP A GOOD  
FIGHT VIGILANTE... BUT  
NOT GOOD ENOUGH!

AAAAH!!



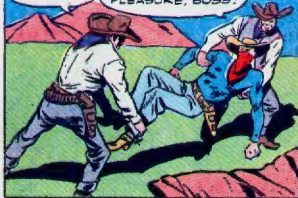
WANT ME TUH  
FINISH HIM,  
BOSS?

SAVE YORE LEAD,  
PETE! THE SIMPLEST  
WAY IS TUH DROP HIM  
INTO THE CANYON!  
IT'S A THOUSAND  
FEET TO THE BOTTOM!

BUT AS THE WESTERN WADDY IS ABOUT TO BE HURLED INTO THE DEPTHS...

ONE, TWO...

THIS SHORE IS A PLEASURE, BOSS!



THREE...YIII!  
HE'S PULLIN' ME  
AFTER HIM!

MIGHT BE LONELY  
DOWN IN THE  
CANYON, VARMINT...  
I'M AIMIN' TO HAVE  
COMPANY!



I GOT YUH, BOSS!  
SHOOT THE VIGILANTE,  
SOMEBODY... MAKE  
'IM LET GO!



HUH...? RECKON HE  
COULDN'T HOLD ON NO  
LONGER! PUT AWAY YORE  
COLTS, BOYS... THE  
VIGILANTE'S FINISHED!



HE'S SO FAR DOWN,  
YUH CAN'T EVEN SEE  
HIM CLEAR! HE  
LOOKS LIKE  
JUST A BLACK  
SPECK! BUT  
HE SHORE  
MAKES A  
PURTY  
SOUND!

YEAH!  
AND NOW  
WE CAN GO  
BACK TO  
WORK! COME  
ON, BOYS!

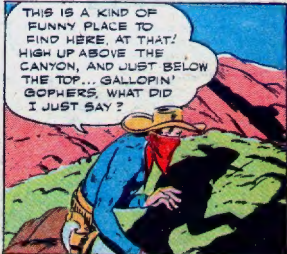


IS THE VIGILANTE FINISHED? ONLY SOME  
ONE IGNORANT OF THE LARKRUPING  
LARIATEER'S WILES COULD BELIEVE  
THAT!

LUCKY THIS LEDGE  
WAS HERE! ALL I HAD  
TO DO WAS SHOVE A  
ROCK OVER... AND THEY  
THOUGHT THE CRASH  
CAME FROM ME!  
WONDER WHY THEY  
WANTED TO KILL  
ME, ANYWAY?



THIS IS A KIND OF  
FUNNY PLACE TO  
FIND HERE, AT THAT!  
HIGH UP ABOVE THE  
CANYON, AND JUST BELOW  
THE TOP... GALLOPIN'  
GOPHERS, WHAT DID  
I JUST SAY?



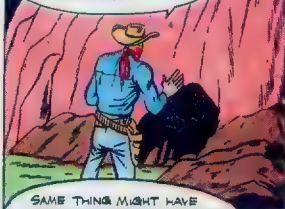
"HIGH BELOW"...IT'S WHAT THAT CLUE MUST HAVE MEANT! THAT TREASURE I'M LOOKING FOR MUST BE RIGHT HERE!



WELL, IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO LEARN IF... WHOA! I'D BETTER HOLD ON A MINUTE!



IN FACT, IT MIGHT BE RIGHT INSIDE THIS HOLE... DARRELS THE KIND OF COOT WHO'D PICK A CACHE LIKE THAT!



SAME THING MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED HERE AS HAPPENS TO A GOPHER HOLE...THERE MIGHT BE SOME DANGEROUS TENANTS INSIDE! I'D BETTER TRIM THIS SHRUB OFF, AND INVESTIGATE BEFORE I PUT MY HANDS IN!



A WISE PRECAUTION...!

JUST AS I SUSPECTED! RATTLESNAKES! GOTTA GET RID OF THEM FIRST!



MOMENTS LATER...

DARRELS TREASURE! NOW TO GET IT BACK TO HIM... AFTER I FINISH THE HUMAN RATTLES UP ABOVE!



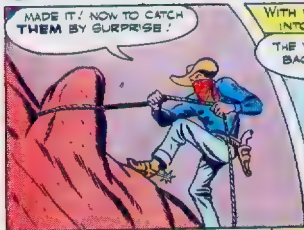
I'LL ANCHOR THE ROPE TO THIS SPUR OF ROCK, THEN CLIMB UP!







MADE IT! NOW TO CATCH THEM BY SURPRISE!



WITH WILDCAT FURY, THE WESTERN WADDY RIPS INTO THE ASTOUNDED BAD MEN!

THE VIGILANTE! HE'S BACK! AAAAH...

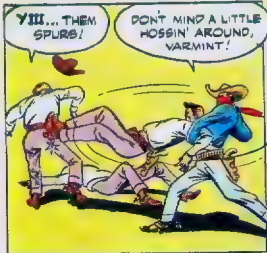
THAT THOUSAND FOOT FALL KINDA STUNNED ME, SIDEWINDER. OR I'D HAVE BEEN BACK SOONER! TAKE THIS!



PRESENTLY...

YIII... THEM SPURS!

DON'T MIND A LITTLE HOSSIN' AROUND, VARMINT!



NOW YUH DANGED COYOTES, ARE YUH GONNA ADMIT WHAT YOU DID, OR DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU?

THEY MUST FIGURE I KNOW, OR THEY'D NEVER HAVE TRIED TUH KILL ME!

DON'T RUB IT N VIGILANTE... WE KNEW YUH WAS WISE WHEN WE SAW YUH HEADIN' HERE!



SOMEHOW YUH FOUND OUT WE WAS WORKIN' THIS CLAIM THAT DON'T BELONG TO US! WE WAS TAKIN' THE GOLD DUST OUT, AND TRYIN' TO MAKE THINGS LOOK LIKE NO-BODY HAD BEEN AROUND!

HMM, AND KNOWIN' THAT THE OWNER LIVED IN THE EAST, YOU WERENT AFRAID OF BEING FOUND OUT!

SHORE, WE FIGURED WE HAD EVERYBODY FOOLED... UNTIL WE SAW YOU COMIN' ALONG! WE STILL DON'T KNOW HOW YUH LEARNED THE TRUTH!

JUST AS YOU'LL BE SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT THERE'S MORE MONEY IN THIS BOX THAN IN ALL THE DUST YOU'VE TAKEN! I'LL ADD THE GOLD DUST AS AN EXTRA SURPRISE FOR THE CLAIM'S OWNER!

YOU'D BE SURPRISED IF I TOLD YUH, COYOTE...

YOU'D SURE BE SURPRISED TO KNOW I LEARNED IT FROM HIM!





"The leaflets tell 'em they'd be better off by surrendering . . . and the box of Wheaties will convince 'em."



HERE'S A SUGGESTION WE'D LIKE TO DROP WITH YOU.

**TRY WHEATIES . . . AND LET THOSE BIG WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES CONVINCE YOU THAT THE GOOD**

**BREAKFAST YOU NEED CAN BE REAL FUN TO EAT.**

YOU GET CRACK WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT IN WHEATIES. THE SAME VALUABLE FOOD ENERGY RECOMMENDED BY **LEADING COACHES AND FAMOUS ATHLETES.** YOU GET THAT WELL-KNOWN "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR, TOO. A ZIPPY, NUT-SWEET FLAVOR THAT MAKES A DIRECT HIT WITH YOU.

TAKE OFF WITH A LOAD OF GOOD NOURISHMENT AND GOOD FLAVOR AND GOOD FUN... EVERY MORNING. TAKE ON A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."



PRODUCT OF

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**"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"**

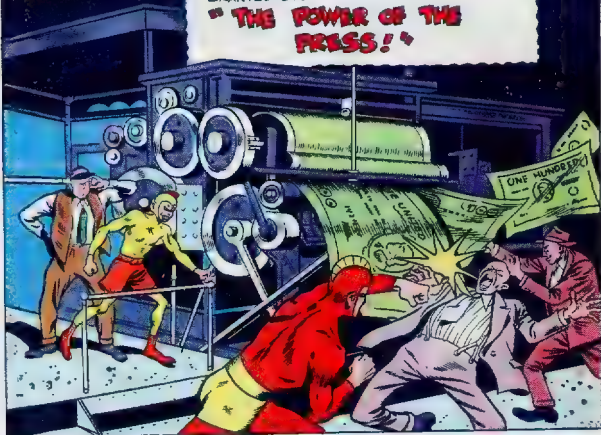
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

# CHAP 3

THE CRIMSON AVENGER, TOO, RECEIVES A VERSIFIED CLUE! STRANGE AND CUNNING INDEED IS THE HIDING PLACE HE SEEKS, AND STRANGER STILL, AS WELL AS UNEXPECTED, IS THE FACT THAT HE AND HIS FAITHFUL ALLY, WING, MUST RISK DANGER FROM LAW-BREAKERS AND LAWMEN ALIKE WHEN THE SEARCH BEARS FRUIT! NOTHING COULD COME IN HANDIER, THEN, THAN THE GIFT GRANTED BY...

**"THE POWER OF THE PRESS!"**



THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND HIS LOYAL ALLY STARE VACANTLY AT TWO LINES OF VERSE...

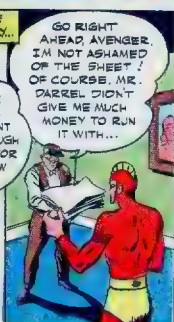
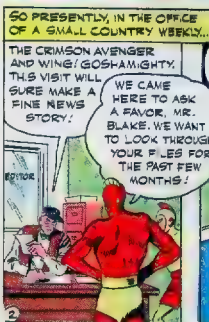
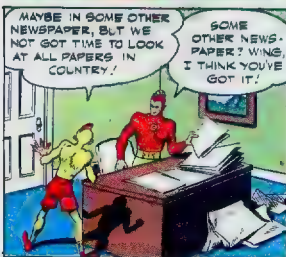
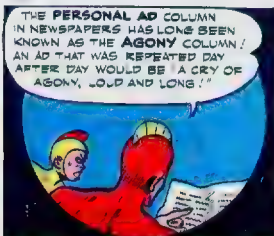
"A cry of agony, loud and long,  
Brings greater wealth than any song."

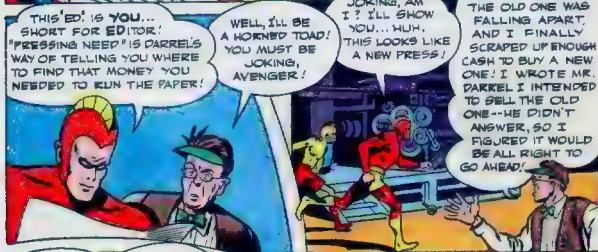
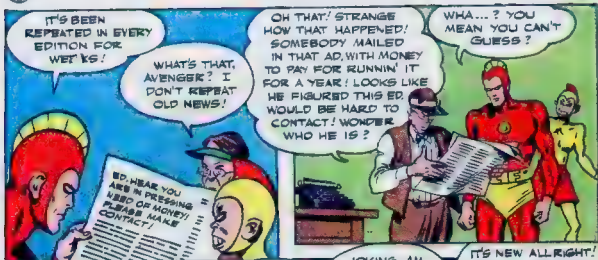
CLUE MAKE NO SENSE, MIST CLIMSON!

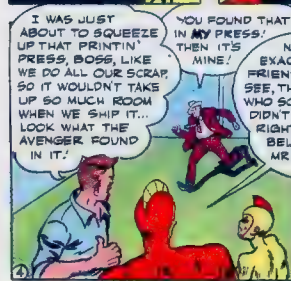
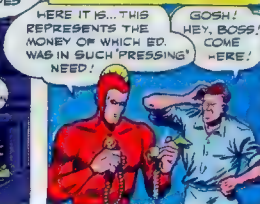
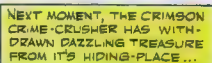
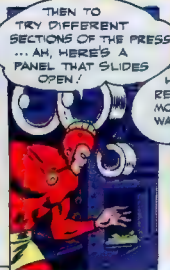
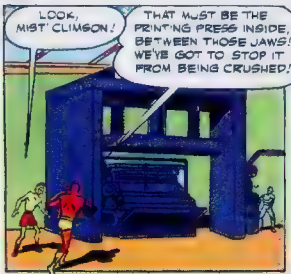
WAIT A MINUTE, WING! I HAVE AN IDEA!













AS THE CRIMSON AVENGER LEAVES...

POLICE? THE CRIMSON AVENGER STOLE SOME VALUABLE JEWELS FROM ME... STOP HIM QUICK!

WHA...? THE CRIMSON AVENGER STOLE SOMETHING? DONT KID ME!



BUT THE FRENZIED MAN INSISTS, AND PRESENTLY...

CALLING ALL CARS! PICK UP THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND BRING HIM IN! HE IS ACCUSED OF ROBBERY!



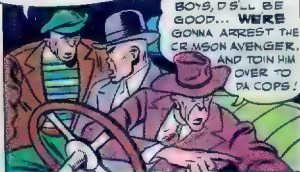
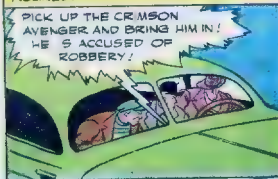
AMONG THE STARTLED LISTENERS TO THE POLICE BROADCAST ARE THREE GENTLEMEN FELONIOUSLY INCLINED...

DO ME EARS GO BACK ON ME, OR ARE DEY REALLY AFTER DA CRIMSON AVENGER?

IF YOU HOLD WHAT I HOLD, DERE AFTER H M!

THERE HE IS NOW! COME ON, BOYS, D'S'LL BE GOOD... WERE GONNA ARREST THE CRIMSON AVENGER, AND TOIN HIM OVER TO DA COPS!

PICK UP THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND BRING HIM IN! HE S ACCUSED OF ROBBERY!

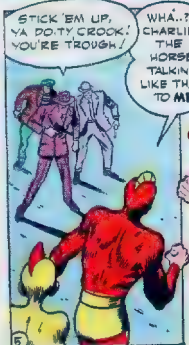


STICK 'EM UP, YA DOTY CROCK! YOU'RE TROUGH!

WHA...? CHARLIE THE HORSE TALKING LIKE THAT TO ME?

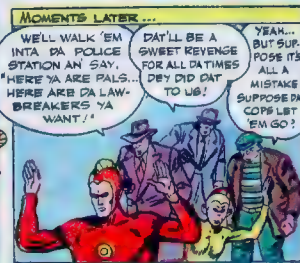
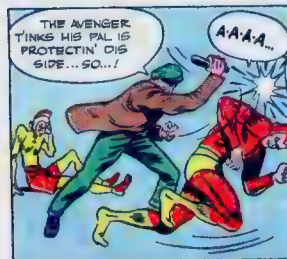
I DONT KNOW WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU... BUT IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, YOU'VE FOUND IT!

OWW!



WING NO STICK 'EM UP... WING BANG 'EM DOWN!







LEMMIE AT 'EM!

STAY AWAY, YOU SAP... DERE MINE!

YOURS?

DIS IS YOURS, CHUMP!

A-A-A-A!

YES, THAT NOTE WE LEFT AD-DRESSED TO THE ED. TOR DIRECTED THAT "ED" SELL AS MANY JEWELS AS NECESSARY TO RUN THE PAPER, AND LEAVE THE REST FOR HIM. BUT "ED" DOESN'T NEED THE MONEY NOW!

THANKS FOR FIXING YOUR PALS!

NOW WE BRING JEWELS TO MIST DARREL!

GLAD TO DO THE SAME FOR YOU!

0-0-0...

THIS IS PROCEEDING AS EXPECTED! TIME TO INTERFERE, WING!

AAA-R-R-G-HH!

SHORTLY...

HEY, WE DIDN'T DO NOTHIN' DA AVENGERS DA GUY YA WANT?

THAT WAS ALL A MISTAKE, SAP, AND IT'S STRAIGHTENED OUT NOW! WE'RE ARRESTING YOU RATS ON ACCOUNT OF TRYING TO KILL EACH OTHER FOR THOSE JEWELS!

WELL, WE DID WHAT WE SET OUT TO DO, WING. BUT WE HAD UNEXPECTED TROUBLE! WONDER WHY MR DARREL LET BLAKE SELL THAT PRESS WHEN HE KNEW HOW VALUABLE IT WAS?

THAT FUNNY... BUT WING GET BIGGEST LAUGH WHEN COPS THINK WE CROOKS! THAT VERY FUNNY!

FUNNY INDEED... BUT WILL IT HAVE UNEXPECTED CONSEQUENCES FOR OTHERS OF THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY? RUMORS ARE EASIER TO START THAN TO KILL... AND YOU'LL BE SURPRISED TO SEE WHAT FANTASTIC FORMS THEY CAN TAKE!

7

**Starring****The GREEN ARROW****CHAP  
4**

A HIDING PLACE IN PUBLIC VIEW, PROVIDED BY THE HEAVENS THEMSELVES, CHALLENGES THE INGENUITY OF THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY TO THE UTMOST! AND WHEN THE WIZARD ARCHERS FIND THEMSELVES FACING THE SUSPICIONS OF THE POLICE AS WELL, THEIR EFFORTS SEEMED FOREDOOMED TO FAILURE, AS THEY ATTEMPT TO LOOT...

**THE SAFE  
FROM THE  
SKY!**

THEY'RE AIMIN'  
AT THE STARS!

AS A SWIFT CAR DRAWS TO A HALT WITH A SCREECH OF BRAKES, AN ALERT POLICEMAN HASTENS FORWARD...

THIS TIME  
THEY'RE NOT  
GETTING AWAY,  
WHOEVER THEY  
ARE... I'LL...

THE GREEN ARROW  
AND SPEEDY!

HELLO, OFFICER!  
EXPECTING  
SOMEBODY  
ELSE?

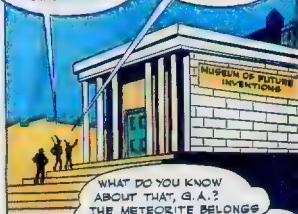




N-NOT EXACTLY, GREEN ARROW!  
BUT ABOUT A MONTH AGO, I  
ALMOST CAUGHT SOME CROOKS  
TRYING TO ROB THE MUSEUM!  
I THOUGHT THAT MAYBE THEY  
WERE COMING BACK...

WE HAVE SOME  
BUSINESS WITH THE  
MUSEUM  
DIRECTOR...

HOPE HES NOT  
AS STUBBORN AS  
THEY SAY HE  
IS!



THE METEORITE  
MR. DARREL LENT US  
IS OUR BEST EX-  
HIBIT! I WON'T  
HEAR OF YOU  
TAKING IT  
AWAY!

BUT...  
WE HAVE  
MR DARREL'S  
PERMISSION...

THEN MR. DARREL  
CHANGES HIS MIND  
VERY SUDDENLY! HE  
LENT US THAT METEOR-  
ITE FOR THE EXHIB-  
ITION, AND HERE IT  
STAYS! GOOD DAY!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW  
ABOUT THAT, G.A.?  
THE METEORITE BELONGS  
TO DARREL AND ITS  
OKAY WITH HIM FOR  
US TO TAKE IT...  
AND THIS  
GUY WON'T  
LET US!

HE HAS  
NO LEGAL  
RIGHT TO  
STOP US  
SPEEDY! THE  
LAW'S ON OUR  
SIDE... SO WE'LL  
JUST GO RIGHT  
AHEAD  
ANYWAY!

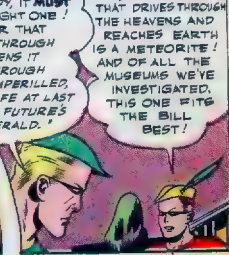


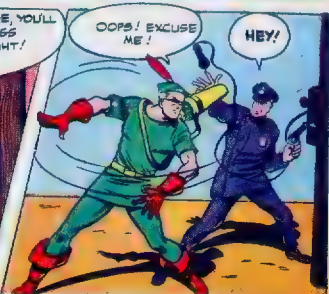
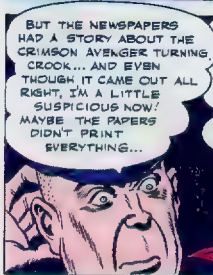
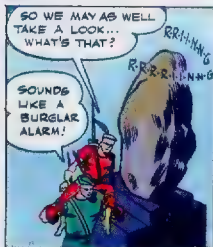
COME TO THINK OF  
IT, THOUGH, IT'S  
RATHER BIG...  
WE'LL HAVE A  
LITTLE TROUBLE  
MOVING IT!

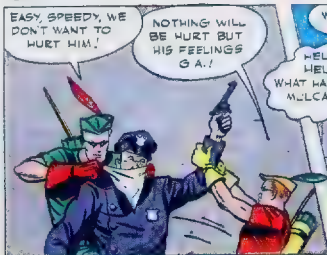
GOSH, G.A.,  
AND SUPPOSE  
IT TURNS  
OUT TO BE  
THE WRONG  
ONE AFTER  
ALL!

NO, SPEEDY, IT **MUST**  
BE THE RIGHT ONE!  
REMEMBER THAT  
CLUE... "THROUGH  
THE HEAVENS IT  
DROVE, THROUGH  
A PAST IMPERILLED,  
TO BE SAFE AT LAST  
AS THE FUTURE'S  
HERALD."

YES, THE ONLY THING  
THAT DRIVES THROUGH  
THE HEAVENS AND  
REACHES EARTH  
IS A METEORITE!  
AND OF ALL THE  
MUSEUMS WE'VE  
INVESTIGATED,  
THIS ONE FITS  
THE BILL  
BEST!







EASY, SPEEDY, WE DON'T WANT TO HURT HIM!

NOTHING WILL BE HURT BUT HIS FEELINGS G.A.!

HELLO, HELLO... WHAT HAPPENED, MELCANY?

WHAT NOW, G.A.?

WE'LL TIE HIM UP AND PUT HIM IN A SAFE PLACE, THEN GO AHEAD IN A DIFFERENT WAY FROM BEFORE! WE CAN'T RISK SETTING OFF THAT ALARM AGAIN!

PRESENTLY, AS THE POLICEMAN IS DEPOSITED IN A SHADOWY ALLEY...

WE DON'T WANT THE WHOLE METEORITE, SPEEDY, WE WANT WHAT'S IN IT! REMEMBER THOSE WORDS, "TO BE SAFE AT LAST"... THEY HAVE A DOUBLE MEANING!

YOU MEAN THAT THE METEORITE IS NOT ONLY SAFE, BUT A SAFE?

EXACTLY, THIS METEORITE IS INTERESTING FROM A SCIENTIFIC POINT OF VIEW, BUT NOT VALUABLE FINANCIALLY UNLESS SOMETHING WAS PUT INSIDE IT!

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, G.A.! WHILE I WAS UP THERE LOOKING AT IT, I THOUGHT I SAW A CRACK IN THE SIDE AS IF A DOOR HAD BEEN CUT IN IT!



SO, WE'LL SIMPLY OPEN... NOW WHAT'S THAT?

EEEEEEEEE...



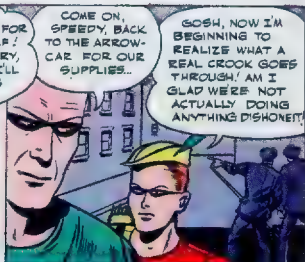
THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY... MAYBE THEY CAN TELL US WHAT HAPPENED!

MORE POLICE! IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL, WE'LL REALLY BEGIN TO FEEL LIKE CROOKS!



WE GOT A FUNNY CALL,  
GREEN ARROW, AND  
CAME HERE TO INVESTIGATE!  
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANY  
SIGNS OF TROUBLE,  
HAVE YOU?

I'VE BEEN  
LOOKING FOR  
IT MYSELF!  
DON'T WORRY,  
OFFICER, I'LL  
KEEP MY EYES  
OPEN!



COME ON,  
SPEEDY, BACK  
TO THE ARROW-  
CAR FOR OUR  
SUPPLIES...

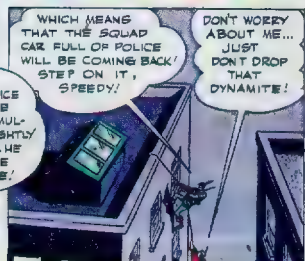
GOSH, NOW I'M  
BEGINNING TO  
REALIZE WHAT A  
REAL CROOK GOES  
THROUGH! AM I  
GLAD WE'RE NOT  
ACTUALLY DOING  
ANYTHING DISHONEST!



THESE STICKS OF DYNAMITE  
THAT WERE TO BE USED FOR  
BLASTING TREE STUMPS ON  
OLIVER QUEEN'S FARM WILL  
COME IN HANDY!

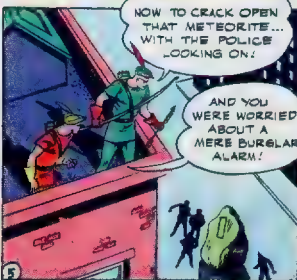
WHEREEE...

HUM...?  
THAT'S A POLICE  
WHISTLE! WE  
DIDN'T TIE MUL-  
CAHY UP TIGHTLY  
ENOUGH... HE  
MUST HAVE  
GOT LOOSE!



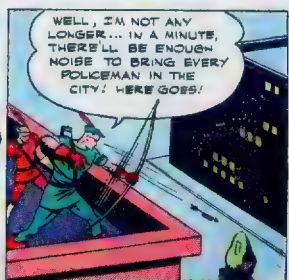
WHICH MEANS  
THAT THE SQUAD  
CAR FULL OF POLICE  
WILL BE COMING BACK!  
STEP ON IT,  
SPEEDY!

DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT ME...  
JUST  
DON'T DROP  
THAT  
DYNAMITE!



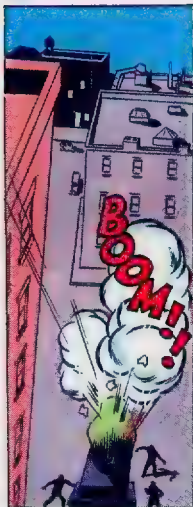
NOW TO CRACK OPEN  
THAT METEORITE...  
WITH THE POLICE  
LOOKING ON!

AND YOU  
WERE WORRIED  
ABOUT A  
MERE BURGLAR  
ALARM!



WELL, I'M NOT ANY  
LONGER... IN A MINUTE,  
THERE'LL BE ENOUGH  
NOISE TO BRING EVERY  
POLICEMAN IN THE  
CITY! HERE GOES!





IT WORKED, G.A....  
AND THAT METEORITE  
WAS USED BY  
DARREL AS A  
SAFE

NOW  
TO REMOVE  
THE  
CONTENTS!



IT CONTAINS A  
FORTUNE IN  
NEGOTIABLE  
BONDS!

GREEN  
ARROW...  
STOP!

AGAIN THE WIZARD ARCHER'S  
BOWSTRING TWANGS AND A  
SWIFT SHAFT TRAILING A  
SLENDER ARROWLINE  
STRIKES HOME!

THE ARROW DUG DEEP  
INTO THE BOX! PULLING  
THE BOX UP HERE  
WILL TAKE ONLY  
A FEW SECONDS!



AND DARREL HAD IT  
RIGHT OUT WHERE EVERY  
ONE COULD GET AT IT!  
ECCENTRIC IS NO  
WORD FOR HIM!



WE DON'T WANT  
TO SHOOT UN-  
LESS WE HAVE  
TO... BUT WE'LL  
DO IT IF IT'S  
NECESSARY,  
GREEN  
ARROW!

IT ISN'T  
NECESSARY  
OFFICER!



IN FACT I'LL  
EVEN REMOVE  
ANY POSSIBLITY  
OF YOUR DOING  
SUCH A THING!

HEY!!!



THE SKILLED SHAFTSMEN  
EVADE A HEADLONG RUSH!

SORRY I CAN'T  
WAIT FOR YOU  
BOYS...I'M IN  
A HURRY TO  
KEEP A DATE!

OWWWW!!!  
THEY'RE  
TRICKY!



RIGHT AGAIN!

YOU MAY HAVE THE HONOR OF PRECEDING US!



SO THAT'S WHERE WE HEAD FOR FIRST!

AND BY THE TIME THE POLICE GET THERE, WE'LL BE SOMEPLACE ELSE! GOSH, G.A., IF WE WERE CROOKS, I BET WE'D NEVER GET CAUGHT!



LATER, MIDNIGHT HEADLINES SPREAD THE STARTLING NEWS!

HMM, QUITE A LITTLE TROUBLE THOSE LADS HAD! BUT I'M GLAD TO SEE THEY GOT WHAT THEY WENT AFTER!

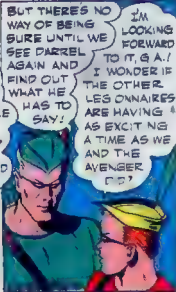
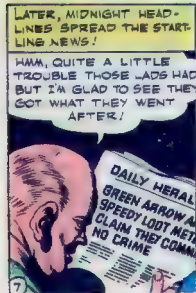
BUT DESPITE THE SUCCESSFUL OUTCOME OF THEIR MISSION, THE MASTER BOWMEN ARE PUZZLED!

WELL, G.A., WE GOT WHAT WE WENT AFTER BUT I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT THAT CROOK MULLCAHY CHASED LAST MONTH! HOW DID THAT CROOK KNOW WHAT WAS IN THAT METEORITE?

MIGHT BE THAT DARREL ASKED SOME OTHER PEOPLE TO DO THE SAME JOBS HE LATER CHALLENGED US TO DO!

BUT THERE'S NO WAY OF BEING SURE UNTIL WE SEE DARREL AGAIN AND FIND OUT WHAT HE HAS TO SAY!

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO IT, G.A.! I WONDER IF THE OTHER LES ONNAIRES ARE HAVING AS EXCITING A TIME AS WE AND THE AVENGER DID?



# 150 MILE RACE

TO SAVE A NATION!

OUT OF THE RECORDS OF A LONG-AGO WAR COMES THIS TRUE STORY OF A BOY'S AMAZING RACE AGAINST TIME...WITH HIS COUNTRY'S FATE AT STAKE! ALMOST 2500 YEARS AGO, A HORDE OF BARBARIANS SWIFT DOWN ON A FREEDOM-LOVING NATION...AND ONLY YOUNG PHILIPIDES' STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE COULD SAVE HIS NATIVE GREECE!

IN 490 B.C.  
A POWER-HUNGRY  
RULER  
SENT HIS  
GANGSTER ARMY  
AGAINST BRAVE  
LITTLE GREECE.  
THE PERSIANS  
SOON OVER-  
WHELMED THE  
BORDER CITY  
OF ERETREA...  
AND THE  
CONQUERING  
GENERAL  
GLOATS...



MULTIADIS PLANS TO MARCH OUT TO MEET THE PERSIANS ON THE PLAINS OF MARATHON...BUT BEFORE THEY START



See the NEW ThomMcAn "MARATHON!"

THE MARATHON WAS DESIGNED FOR FELLOWS LIKE YOU! BUILT TO TAKE PUNISHMENT AND COME UP FOR MORE, THIS "HUSKY" HAS THE FAMOUS MEL-FLEX SOLE...SPRINGY, FLEXIBLE, WATERPROOF, INSULATED AGAINST HEAT AND COLD... AND GUARANTEED TO OUTLAST LEATHER EVERY TIME! THE MOCCASIN-DESIGN GIVES YOUR FOOT PLENTY OF ROOM TO SPREAD (IMPORTANT FOR QUICK STARTS AND STOPS)...AND THE DOUBLE-FLAP LACING GIVES YOU ADJUSTABLE INSTEP FIT FOR EXTRA SUPPORT AND SNEGGNESS! MAKE SURE YOUR NEXT SHOES ARE THOM McAN "MARATHONS!"



ONLY \$2.99

EQUIPPED ONLY WITH EXTRA SANDALS AND A FLASK OF WATER, THE YOUNG ATHLETE STARTS TOWARD SPARTA...



"YOU CARRY OUR FATE, COMRADE! GOOD LUCK!"

Hour after hour, all day and the following night, Philipides' great endurance carries him on... and on... and on...

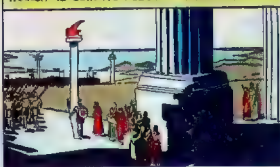


TWO DAYS AND TWO NIGHTS AFTER HE LEFT ATHENS, PHILIPIDES STUMBLES EXHAUSTED INTO THE ARMS OF A SURPRISED SPARTAN GUARD...



"TAKE ME TO YOUR COMMANDER!"

THE ARMY OF SPARTA STARTS A FORCED MARCH TO JOIN ITS ALLIES AT MARATHON --



Brave men defending their native country, the outnumbered Greeks force the mighty army to flee... a great victory for the world's first democracy!

And Later...

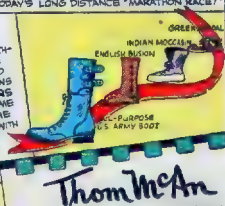


"YOU HAVE RUN THE GREATEST RACE IN HISTORY, MY SON, AND ALL GREECE THANKS YOU!"

Philipides' amazing feat of strength, and the great Greek victory, are remembered in today's long distance "Marathon Race!"

## OUR ARMY FIGHTS ON ITS FEET, TOO!

Even in today's mechanized warfare, there's plenty of marching and fighting on foot... and Uncle Sam's soldiers need the finest leather and expert workmanship in their shoes. Skilled craftsmen in Thom McAn's 22 huge factories have made millions of pairs of army shoes... are right now turning out 25 pairs a minute of the special new army all-purpose boot! These same craftsmen build extra mileage into Thom McAn shoes for the entire family. Stop in at one of the 600 Thom McAn stores with the familiar white front. And see for yourself why more people buy at Thom McAn's than at any other shoe store in the country!



INDIAN MOCCASIN

ENGLISH HUSON

ALL-PURPOSE U.S. ARMY BOOT

Thom McAn



**STARRING**

# THE SHINING KNIGHT

CHAP.  
V

**T**ONS OF STEEL GUARD  
PRECIOUS RELICS OF THE  
PAST THREATENING  
DEATH TO UNWARY SEEK-  
ERS OF WEALTH! BUT THE  
SHINING KNIGHT NEVER  
YET HESITATED BEFORE  
DANGER, AND DOES NOT  
DO SO NOW, AS HE SEEKS  
TO CUT THROUGH ALL  
MAZES TO SOLVE ...

**• THE  
PUZZLE  
OF THE  
PYRAMID! •**

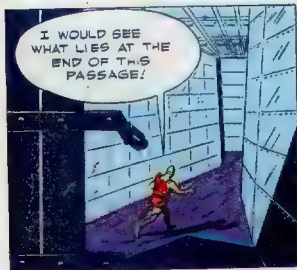
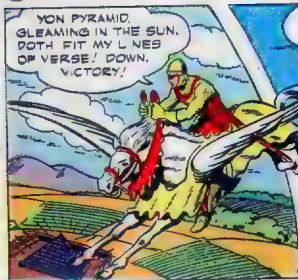
HIGH ABOVE A PEACEFUL WINDING  
RIBBON OF WATER FLIES ANOTHER  
SOLDIER OF VICTORY IN SEARCH OF  
TREASURE - THE SHINING KNIGHT.

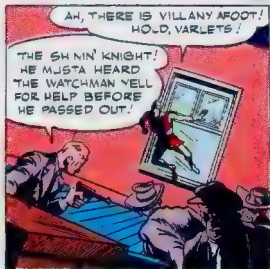
MY QUEST IS SURE!  
THE CLUE CAN HAVE  
BUT A SINGLE MEANING!  
SOME OBJECT OF  
ANCIENT EGYPT HAS  
BEEN BROUGHT  
HERE...



THE CLUE OF THE CHAMPION OF  
CHIVALRY...

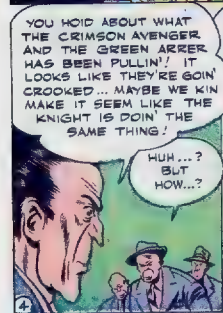
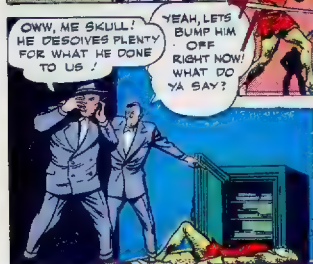
From the shores of the Nile  
to the Hudson's banks.  
For ancient wisdom,  
we give our thanks



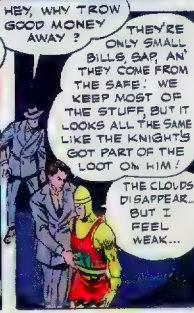




**SUDDENLY...**  
THEM BULLETS THAT BOUNCED OFF HIS SWORD MUST HAVE LOOSENED THE PLASTER ON THE CEILING! HERE'S OUR CHANCE!



WE DIDN'T LEAVE NO FINGERPRINTS ON THIS SAFE BEFORE, BUT WE'LL LEAVE 'EM NOW... THE KNIGHTS PR NTS!



THE CLOUDS DISAPPEAR... BUT I FEEL WEAK...



TOO BAD YA FEEL SO WEAK, KNIGHT, BUT I'LL HELP YA OUT! RIGHT TOWARDS THAT WINDOW... AND WHEN WE FINISH WITH YOU, WE'LL USE YOUR SWORD TO KNOCK OFF THAT WATCHMAN WE KAYOED!

I AM NOT SO WEAK AS HE THINKS... A FEW MORE MOMENTS TO RECOVER MY STRENGTH...

MAYHAP I CAN WIN A STAY BY FLATTERY...

DAZED THOUGH I BE, METHINKS I AM THE VICTIM OF A CLEVER PLAN...

CLEVER AIN'T THE WORD FOR IT, KNIGHT! THE BOYS DON'T CALL ME ALEX THE GREAT FOR NOTHIN'!

BUT NOW IT'S TIME FOR THAT LITTLE SHOVE, TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE YA FELL OUTTA THE WINDOW TRYIN' TO GET ON YOUR NAG!

MY STEED! 'TIS A THOUGHT... VICTORY MAY NOT BE IN TIME TO AID ME, BUT THESE VILLIANS WILL NOT KNOW THAT!

SO LONG SAP... DROP IN AGAIN SOME TIME!

HOLA, VICTORY, I HAVE NEED OF THEE!

NO, YA DON'T CHUM! WE'LL FINISH YA SOME OTHER WAY!

THE VARLETS THEMSELVES HAVE SAVED ME, AS I THOUGHT THEY WOULD! AND QUICKLY MY STRENGTH RETURNS!

HEY, HE'S GOT HIS NAG WAITIN' OUTSIDE... DA OLD PLUG'LL GRAB HIM WID HIS TEETH, AN' THE KNIGHT'LL GET AWAY!

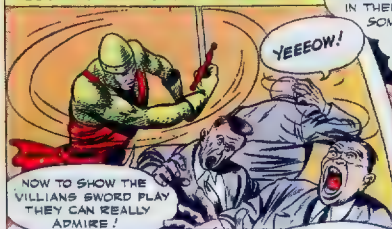
WE'LL GLICE YA WID YOUR OWN SWORD! IT'LL LOOK LIKE YA CUT YOURSELF BY ACCIDENT!

NO SKILLED SWORDSMAN WOULD SUFFER SO CLUMSY AN ACCIDENT, BASE CHURL!

BUT A LOU WHO HAS NEVER WEILDED THE WEAPON IS EASILY DIS-ARMED!

OWWW, MY HAND!

WHIRLING LIKE A TOP, SIR JUSTIN MAKES HIS GLEAMING BLADE DESCRIBE A GLITTERING ARC! THE FLAT OF THE STEEL RESOUNDS FROM SKULL AFTER SKULL!



YEEOW!

NOW TO SHOW THE VILLAINS SWORD PLAY THEY CAN REALLY ADMIRE!

PRESENTLY...

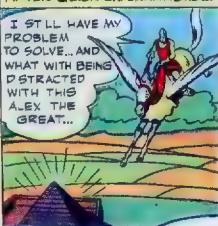
THE SHINING KNIGHT! SOMEBODY PHONED IN THERE WERE SOME FLNNY DOINGS AROUND HERE!

STRANGE DOINGS! NOBOD 'THESE VILLAINS PLANNED TO MAKE ME THE SEEMING AUTHOR OF THEIR CRIME!



AFTER QUICK EXPLANATIONS...

I STILL HAVE MY PROBLEM TO SOLVE... AND WHAT WITH BEING DISTRACTED WITH THIS ALEX THE GREAT...



ALEX THE GREAT? MAYHAP THAT IS THE ANSWER! THE MACEDONIAN WASTED NOT HIS TIME ON AN INTRICATE PROBLEM...



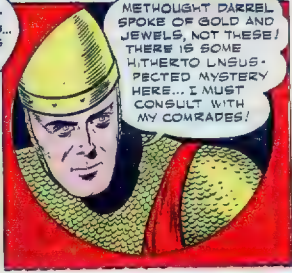
HE SLASHED THROUGH DIFFICULTIES... THUS!



SO THIS IS MY LOOT! SHOES THAT AN INFANT WORE, A CHILD'S TOYS... STRANGE TREASURES INDEED, TO BE SO WELL HIDDEN!



METHOUGHT DARREL SPOKE OF GOLD AND JEWELS, NOT THESE! THERE IS SOME HITHERTO UNSUSPECTED MYSTERY HERE... I MUST CONSULT WITH MY COMRADES!

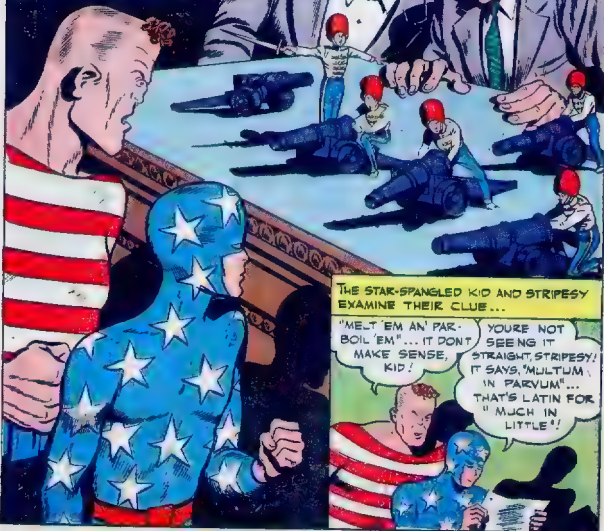


# starring The Star-Spangled Kid and Stripesy

CHAP. VI

IT IS A STRANGE PLAYGROUND TO WHICH THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND STRIPESY ARE DRAWN BY THEIR CLUE -- A PLAYGROUND BUILT APPARENTLY FOR MIDGETS! BUT DIMINUTIVE SURROUNDINGS ARE A FRAME FOR BIG DOINGS WHEN THE LORDS OF THE UNDER-WORLD ACTUALLY BRING THE ALL-AMERICAN DUO TO TRIAL, AND JUDICIALLY AGREE ON...

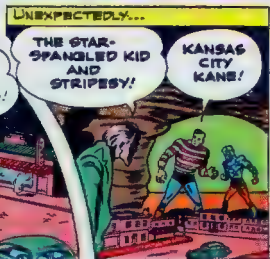
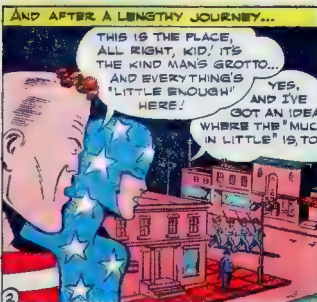
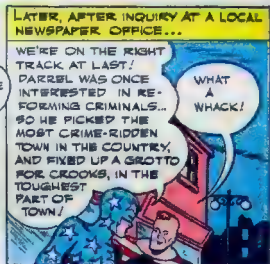
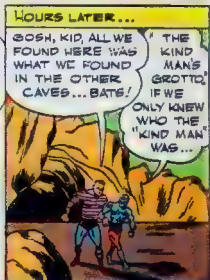
**"MURDER IN MINATURE!"**



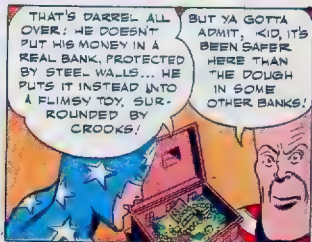
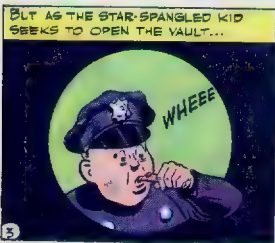
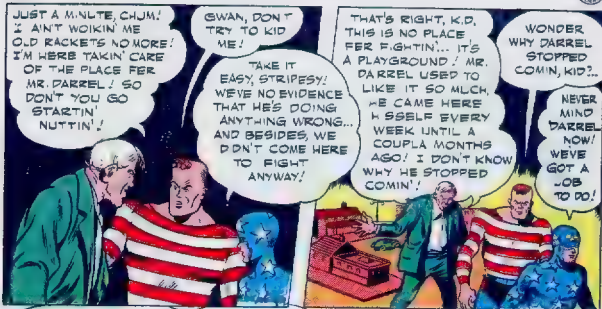
THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND STRIPESY EXAMINE THEIR CLUE...

"MELT 'EM AN' PAR-BOIL 'EM"... IT DONT MAKE SENSE, KID!

YOU'RE NOT SEENING IT STRAIGHT, STRIPESY! IT SAYS, "MULTUM IN PARVUM"... THAT'S LATIN FOR "MUCH IN LITTLE!"







SUDDENLY...

THE STAR-  
SPANGLED  
KID AND  
STRIPEY!

AN LOOK WHAT  
DEY'RE DOIN. DEY'RE  
ROBBIN' OUR  
JOINT!

HOLY COW,  
KID! CHOWDER-  
HEAD CHARLIE,  
CECIL THE CHIMP...  
THE ROGUES'  
GALLERY IN  
PERSON!

NOW DON'T TELL ME  
THESE GUYS ARE  
JUST CARETAKERS,  
TOO!

OWWW!

IF THERES ANY  
TAKING CARE TO  
BE DONE, WE'LL  
DO IT!

YIII!

BUT WITH THE ADVENT  
OF UNDERWORLD RE-  
INFORCEMENTS...

THIS CALLS FOR  
ORGANIZED DEFENSE,  
STRIPEY!  
ZZ 76...

GOTCHA,  
KID!

THE OLD  
TRY FOR  
A FIELD GOAL!

YES, IT MAKES  
ITS PONTIS!

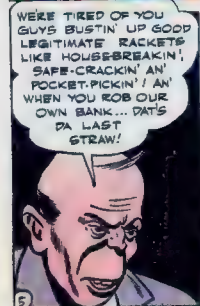
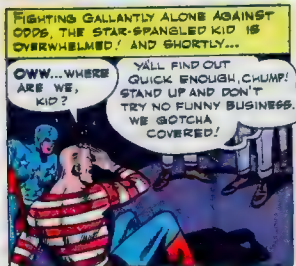
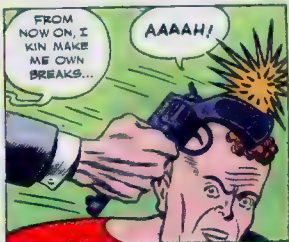
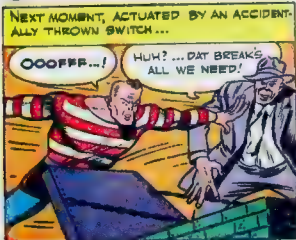
A TOUCHBACK IS  
A GOOD PLAY  
TOO, KID!

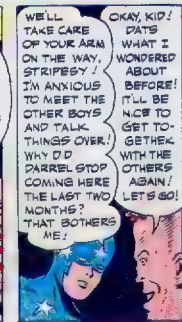
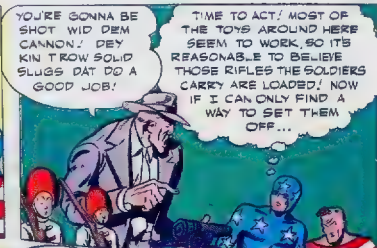
ARGH!

BUT AS THE PARTNERS IN  
PERIL ARE FIGHTING  
THROUGH TO VICTORY...

TAKE THAT,  
CHUMP!

AAAAA...







# CHAPTER 7

**T**IME HAS PASSED !  
THE SEVEN SOLDIERS  
OF VICTORY HAVE  
CONSULTED CONCERN-  
ING THEIR DISCOV-  
ERIES, AND NOW  
THEY ONCE MORE  
VISIT THE ECCENTRIC  
MR. DARREL...

AH, I SEE THAT  
YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED,  
GENTLEMEN ! I EX-  
PECTED YOU WOULD...  
I HAVE A CHECK ALL  
READY FOR YOU !

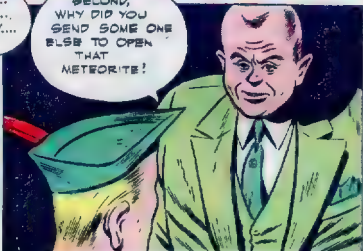
JUST A MINUTE,  
FRIEND... THERE'S A FEW  
QUESTIONS MY PARTNERS  
WOULD LIKE TO ASK !



YES, MR. DARREL !  
FIRST, WHY DID YOU  
LET YOUR EDITOR SELL  
THAT PRINTING PRESS,  
IF YOU KNEW HOW  
VALUABLE ITS CON-  
TENTENTS WERE ?

WHY...  
USH....  
REALLY...

SECOND,  
WHY DID YOU  
SEND SOME ONE  
ELSE TO OPEN  
THAT  
METEORITE ?

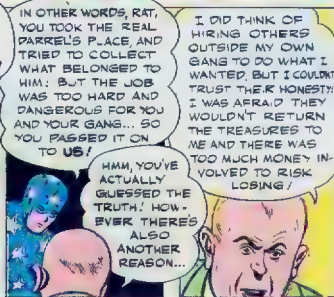
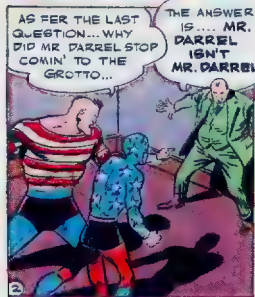
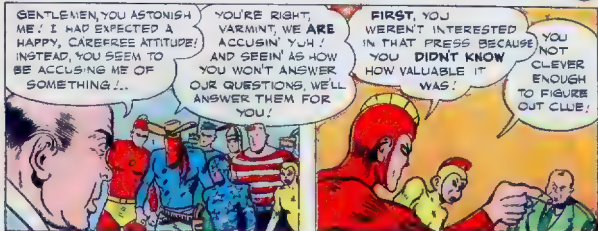


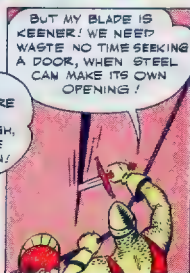
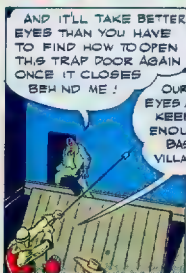
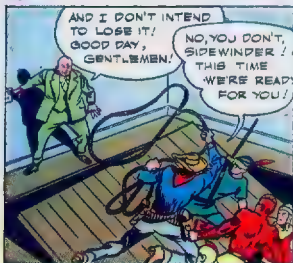
THIRDLY,  
WHY DIDST THOU  
DESIRE ME TO  
RISK MY LIFE TO  
GATHER SUCH  
TRIFLES AS  
THESE ?

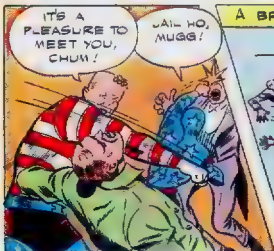


FOURTH,  
HOW COME YA  
STOPPED PAYIN'  
VISITS TO THAT  
GROTTO ? KANSAS  
CTY KANE SAYS  
YA USED TO ENJOY  
THE PLACE !









IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, CHUM!

JAIL HO, MUGG!

A BRIEF FREE-FOR-ALL....

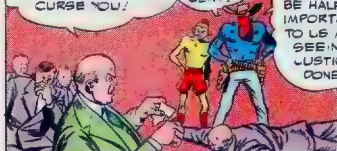


AND EVENTUALLY...

I WAS WILLING TO GIVE YOU THIS CHECK FOR A MILLION... BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING, YOU'LL NEVER GET IT, CURSE YOU!

HA, HA / CHECKS SIGNED BY FAKE DARREL NOT WORTH CENT.

EVEN IF IT WAS WORTH A MILLION, PARDNER, IT WOULDN'T BE HALF AS IMPORTANT TO US AS SEEIN' JUSTICE DONE!



PRESENTLY, IN THE WINE-CELLAR...

HERE'S THE REAL DARREL, BOYS, JUST AS WE SUSPECTED!

THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY! I'M SAVED!



AS THE TALE OF THE RESCUE IS TOLD...

IN A WAY, WHAT HAPPENED IS MY OWN FAULT, GENTLEMEN: I THOUGHT IT A GOOD JOKE ON MY FRIENDS TO HAVE A SECRETARY THEY'D MISTAKE FOR ME! I DIDN'T REALIZE HE WAS DISHONEST!...

AND THAT THE JOKE WOULD BACKFIRE WHEN HE REALLY DECIDED TO TAKE YOUR PLACE! FORTUNATELY, YOUR MONEY WAS SO WELL HIDDEN, HE HAD TO CALL US IN TO HELP FIND IT!



LATER...

HERES THE CHECK PROMISED YOU, GENTLEMEN! YOU DID WHAT YOU WERE CHALLENGED TO DO... AND YOU RESCUED ME INTO THE BARGAIN! THAT'S CERTAINLY WORTH THE MILLION TO ME!

OH, BOY! CHARITIES GET RICH!

AND SIDE-WINDERS GO TO JAIL ... AS THEY ALWAYS WILL WHEN THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY GET AFTER THEM!





# QUIZ QUIX

PROF.  
OWAK-  
WARK.

HERE'S ANOTHER SMALL PARCEL OF BRAIN-TWISTERS FOR YOU, CHUMS. - SEE IF YOU CAN UNRAVEL 'EM. THE CORRECT ANSWERS ARE ENGRAVED IN EACH PANEL IN CASE YOU COME A CROTCHER -!

WHY DIDN'T THEY PLAY CARDS ON THE ARK?



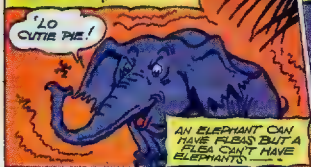
BECAUSE NOAH SAT ON THE DECK.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A STENOGRAPHER AND SIXTEEN OUNCES?



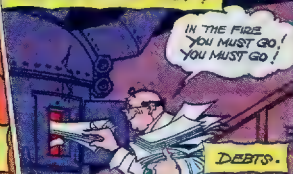
ONE POUNDS AWAY AND THE OTHER WEIGHS A POUND.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN ELEPHANT AND A FLEA?



AN ELEPHANT CAN HAVE FLEAS BUT A FLEA CAN'T HAVE ELEPHANTS.

WHAT THINGS INCREASE THE MORE YOU CONTRACT THEM?



DEBTS.

WHAT IS THAT WHICH MAKES EVERYBODY SICK BUT THOSE WHO SWALLOW IT?



FLATTERY.

WHAT PROVES SAILORS TO BE VERY CARELESS?



THEY ARE IN A MESS EVERY DAY AT SEA -!

JACK ARMSTRONG TRU-FLITE FIGHTER MODELS

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Fairey Fulmar

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BOX TOPS

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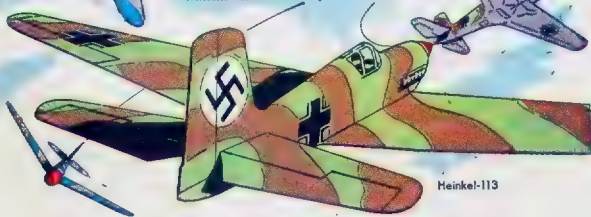
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**"Breakfast of  
Champions"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



Heinkel-113

# DEATH STRIKES TWICE

by Blair Bolton

**INSPECTOR BRAD MATHEWS** was satisfied at last. For three years he had driven himself without mercy. Stubbornly, he had gathered a mass of information, and patiently he had pieced the loose strands together. The evidence was complete. More important, not even the shrewdest lawyer in the world could find a loophole in it. And "Big Mike" Donelli, Mathews knew, had the money to hire himself the shrewdest lawyers in the business.

Mathews closed the folder he had been studying and laid it neatly on his desk. A smile on his lips, he clasped his hands behind his head and leaned back in his swivel chair. "It's been a long time," he thought. "But I've got Big Mike where I want him. This is going to be a real showdown!"

The opening of his door interrupted Mathews' pleasant thoughts. Tommy Heath, reporter on the *Globe News*, was standing in the doorway. There was a worried expression on his face as he glanced around the room.

"Busy, inspector?" the young reporter asked.

"Nope! Come on in, Tommy," Mathews replied, dropping his legs from the desk. "What's bothering you? In trouble?"

The reporter made sure the door was tightly closed before he came into the room. "I've been hearing rumors," he said in a low tone. Then he stepped up to the desk and leaned toward Mathews tensely. "I thought you should know them, inspector. They concern you—the state of your health!"

The smile was still playing around the corners of his mouth, but his gray eyes turned hard and cold. "Just what kind of rumors were they?"

"In a nutshell, inspector, Big Mike is after you. And when he

is out to get someone—well, that's nothing to joke about."

Mathews chewed his cigar thoughtfully. "Yes, I know," he murmured. The reporter's words reminded him that he still had a big job ahead. Getting evidence on Big Mike had been the hardest task of his long career on the police force. But making the evidence stick might prove even harder. For a moment, Mathews wondered if he was underestimating his enemy. Big Mike was smart, smarter than the usual run of racketeers infesting the city. He had money and he had a strongly disciplined mob in his organization. He was also a ruthless killer in his own right. And Big Mike also knew that a certain Inspector Mathews was getting ready to crack down on him. A combination like that was deadly.

Tommy Heath watched the older man intently. The smile was still on Mathews' face. "You look like the cat that swallowed the canary," Tommy remarked. "And when you look like that, I know you've got a story for my paper. How about spilling it, inspector?"

"Change that to a cat that was about to catch a rat and you'll be right," Mathews corrected him. "The biggest rat in the city!"

"You mean—?" Heath began excitedly. "You mean—Big Mike himself?"

Mathews pushed his chair away from the desk and stood up. "I mean Big Mike himself!" He laughed as he picked up the folder from his desk. "This folder represents three years of hard work, Tommy. But it also represents ten years up the river for Big Mike!"

Mathews crossed the room and placed the folder in a filing cabinet. He closed and locked the drawer. "I'm going to pick

up Donelli tonight, Tommy. Want to come along?"

"Sure!" the reporter replied excitedly. "I didn't know you were that close on his trail."

"No one does," Mathews said. Then he frowned. He remembered the rumors the keen reporter had just heard. "Unless Big Mike suspects it."

"But how could he?"

"By keeping tabs on the possible witnesses against him. He's been watching me work carefully," Mathews rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Yes, I think Big Mike knows I'm ready to slap him down."

Mathews stepped quickly to his desk and opened a drawer. He picked up his service revolver, quickly made sure it was loaded, and slipped it into his coat pocket. "I might need this," he remarked. "Big Mike will take any chances to stay free. But I'm not going to fail—not after trailing him for three years!"

Mathews was reaching for his hat when his phone rang. He picked it up. "Hello? Inspector Mathews speaking."

"Dad! Dad! Is that you? Oh! I'm glad I found you in!" It was his daughter Mary's voice. Mathews' long years on the police force had taught him to recognize fear and hysteria in a human voice. And he heard it now in his daughter's.

"Yes, Mary, it's dad," he said calmly. "What's the matter?"

"Come home quickly, dad! Something's happened! Something terrible!" Mary hesitated for a minute, then added quickly, "Dad! I—I just killed a man!"

Something suddenly went cold inside Mathews' heart. Mary kill a man? Impossible! It must be some trick! Perhaps a frame-up staged by Big Mike? These thoughts flashed through his mind with ice-cold clarity.

"All right, Mary. I'm coming home right away. Just don't do anything until I get there!" He replaced the receiver slowly and turned to Tommy.

"What's up, inspector? You look a little green around the gills!"

"I think Big Mike is already starting to hit back!"

"Anything I can do?"

"No, Tommy, this is my job. I've got to do whatever has to be done—alone!" Mathews put his hat on. At the door, he turned to the reporter. "Just keep quiet about the Donelli case until I give the go ahead sign." An instant later, Mathews had closed the door behind him and was hurrying downstairs to his car.

The brakes on his car screeched wildly as he took the corner on two wheels and pulled over to the curb. There was a big, black limousine parked in front of his house and he stopped behind it. Swiftly, he ran up the low stoop to the front door. As he reached for the doorknob, the door suddenly swung open. Mary was sobbing in his arms.

"Easy, kid, easy," he whispered, as he led her into the hall, closing the door behind him. "Now let's have the story."

"I was upstairs when the front doorbell rang," Mary sobbed. "I started down the stairs to see who it was when I saw a man standing at the bottom of the steps. I became frightened and ran to your room to get your revolver. Then I pointed the gun at the man and asked what he wanted. He didn't reply, so I fired. I . . . I was frightened. The man just fell over. He was dead when I came downstairs."

The body was still lying at the foot of the stairs. Mathews bent over and turned it on its back. The stiff arms were spread out. The man had been shot neatly through the heart.

"Who is this man?" Mathews asked.

"I—I don't know, dad,"

Mary replied.

"I can tell you who he is," a voice spoke from the living room.

Mathews whirled around swiftly, his hand dipping into his pocket for his gun. "Big Mike!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you," Big Mike replied, laughing.

"He came in just after I killed the man, dad," Mary explained.

"Yeah, and the guy your kid bumped off happens to be one of my lawyers! Is that how you expect to send me up the river, Inspector? Knocking off my lawyers?" Big Mike was standing in the doorway of the living room, a big grin creasing his fat face. Behind him was Sprocket, his chief trigger-man.

Mathews faced Donelli. "What do you want?" he asked, his eyes blazing. There was no doubt about it now—Big Mike had staged this frame-up.

"I sent my lawyer in to see you and arrange a little conference while I waited outside in my car. The next thing I know there's a shot. Me and Sprocket come in, and there's your kid with a smoking gun in her hand." Donelli shook his head. "It's gonna look bad, copper! A murder rap ain't something even you can cover up!"

"Yeah, I guess this'll wash up the case against you, boss," Sprocket put in, grinning.

"We can make a deal, copper," Donelli said, watching Mathews carefully with his small piggy eyes.

"What's the deal?" Mathews asked.

"With us as witnesses," Donelli said, "your kid can forget the whole thing if you hand over all the evidence you got against my organization."

"So that's what you want! You framed this, Donelli!"

Donelli's fat body shook as he chuckled softly. "You can't prove nothing, copper! Make up your mind! Is it a deal?"

"All right!" Mathews replied. His shoulders sagged. He

suddenly looked old. "There's nothing I can do about it."

"That's right," Donelli said. "Take the corpus delicti into my car, Sprocket."

"You wait for me, Mary. I'll call you from the office." Without a word, Mary turned and went up to her room. Mathews followed Donelli to the car.

"The stiff is in the back of the car, Mathews. We'll dump it after I get the papers," Donelli remarked.

When the big car stopped in front of headquarters, Donelli followed Mathews out. Together they went into Mathews' office.

Mathews opened the file and took out the folder with the evidence. "Here you are, Donelli. I guess that's what you want."

Donelli glanced through the folder quickly. He laughed softly. "Yeah! This is what I want. You won't need these papers no more—"

He never finished the sentence. Mathews fist had come up from the floor to land on his chin. There was a heavy thud as his body hit the floor. "I won't need them now, Donelli," Mathews said. "I've got an out and out murder rap to hang on you!"

Mathews picked up the phone on his desk. "Sarge? Donelli's car is parked outside. His triggerman Sprocket is in it. Bring him in. You'll find a dead body in Donelli's car. Send a couple of boys in here to take Donelli. The charge? Murder!"

Later, Tommy Heath was sitting in Mathews' office. Mathews had his hands clasped behind his head, leaning back and staring at the ceiling.

"What I don't understand, Inspector, is how you knew Mary didn't kill the man!" Tommy was saying.

"Easy," Mathews grinned. "When I examined the body, I saw that rigor mortis had already set in. That meant the man had been dead for several hours at least. He was already dead when Mary 'killed' him!"



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HOW JOE'S BODY  
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!

THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH



LISTEN HERE. I'D SMASH YOUR FACE... ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.



THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY

OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!



DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!



BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!



WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!



OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!

HERO OF THE BEACH

GOSH! WHAT A BUILD HE'S ALREADY FAMOUS FOR IT!

## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 354K, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 354K  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name  (Please print or write plainly)

Address

City  State

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



# Captain Tootsie MONSTER MAN!



THIS MONSTER MAN IS VERY DANGEROUS, SO REMEMBER--IF YOU SEE HIM, JUST TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!

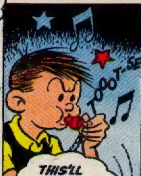
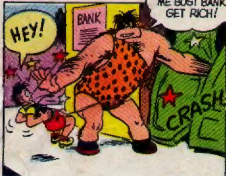
YOU BET, CAP!

'RAY FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

HOOTIN' ZOOTIS! THERE'S MONSTER MAN NOW!



HO! ME BUST BANK! GET RICH!



## KIDS, IT'S NEW-TOOTSIE VM

IT MAKES MILK TASTE LIKE CHOCOLATEY TOOTSIE ROLLS!

AND LOOK WHAT IT'S VITAMINS GIVE YOU

**A**  
THE RESISTANCE VITAMIN

**B**  
THE APPETITE VITAMIN  
THE GROWTH VITAMIN

**D**  
THE SUNSHINE VITAMIN

PLUS--IRON, THE RED BLOOD MINERAL, CALCIUM, PHOSPHORUS AND NIACIN.

GROW UP TO BE A BIG, TALL, HUSKY GUY LIKE ME!